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The Balance, AND COLUMBIAN REPOSITORY.

"HAIL SACRED POLITY, BY FREEDOM REAR'D!
"HAIL SACRED FREEDOM, WHEN BY LAW RESTRAIN'D!"

BEATTIE.

HUDSON, (NEW-YORK) *Tuesday*, APRIL 15, 1806.

The Wasp—*Revived.*

BY ROBERT RUSTICOAT, ESQUIRE.

"To lash the rascals naked through the world."

The Coalead.

(Continued.)

WHEN dinner ended, the old man,
With me retiring, thus began,
After a dozen hems or so,
Ere he could make ideas flow:—
'Tis base, said he, for man and wife,
To be engag'd in endless strife;
Because, in wedlock being join'd,
They're one in body and in mind:
But so 'tis, if, by some mischance,
There should arise a variance,
So that, by mutual consent,
They break the marriage covenant—
Yea, fight like cats, as oft the case is,
Spit in and scratch each other's faces;
Yet, after all, 'tis not too late
For both their wills to operate
As strong in favor of uniting
Like man and wife, as erst for fighting;
And join they will, if they have sense,
For mutual convenience:
This second matching is so clever,
They love each other more than ever;
Their friends rejoice, the world approves,
And nature strengthens both their loves.
So 'tis with friends;—'twere well, quoth he,
If they forever could agree—
Unite in thought, in word, and deed;
But fate has otherwise decreed.
Friends will fall out, we see it daily,
Dispute, and wrangle, and waylay
Each other, prompted by the devil,
That propagator of all evil.
'Tis an old saying, but 'tis truth,
I've seen it verified from youth,
That, friends, who've seriously fell out,
And pull'd each other by the snout,
Yea, maul'd, and bit, and scratch'd, till blood run,
Will after love the more for th' good done:
Because, when time has cool'd their porridge,
Each one admires the other's courage
But that these whimsies may not scare ye,
Know they are but preliminary;
I therefore will, sans hesitation,
Tell what I have in contemplation;
A thing which I, and one above,
And I've no doubt but you'll approve:—
You know, dear Colonel, what each side did
At state election, when divided:
Our friends on both sides waxed warm,
And strove to do each other harm;
Each one, his opponent to whittle,
"Stretch'd truth a bit, and lied a little;"
This cannot be deny'd; we know it;
But cannot openly avow it.
You know, as well as I can tell you,
What then and what has since befel you:
His Honor's rais'd; you forc'd by fate,
In exile from your native state.
Nor friends, nor pow'r, nor cash, was sparing,
To bring our matters to a bearing;
But when we'd spent much time and money,
To get him mounted on the poney,
Audaciously he seiz'd the bridle,
While we on foot were gazing idle;
We sprung, as one, t' arrest his course,
And guide ourselves the skittish horse;
But all in vain; he signified,
In downright terms, that he could guide
The steed himself, with little trouble,
So much inur'd to carrying double.
But, not to speak too much in tropes,
He disappointed all our hopes:
He turn'd tail to upon his friends,
When they had fairly gain'd his ends.
Those who had stood the brunt of battle,
Were left to herd among the cattle;
Nor did he gratify our wishes
In dealing out the loaves and fishes.
This is a matter most important,
And wine'd us sadly, when cut short on't.
Not this alone—a little after,
He gave his sanction to a charter,
By which our common interest
Will evidently be decreas'd;
For now, as sure as fate, it follows,
Others will handle paper dollars,
Ere they have pass'd the purer hands
'f immaculate republicans.
One thing is fortunate enough,
Of which we have sufficient proof,
That brib'ry and corruption base,
In this transaction had a place.
This is our greatest engine far,
To render him unpopular;
For this and more, we've set on Dagge'man,
To bully, bark, and drag the man
Before the mobrocratic court,
And thus to cut the matter short;
For when a man is rais'd to power,
His friends should not be plac'd the lower;
Nor should he be of firm behaviour,
But now and then bestow a favor;
Not, when exalted, make an end on't,
By acting firm and independent;
Much less should he desert the cause,
And leave his friends to suck their claws.
But these and more his Honour's done,
And we're resolv'd to put him down.
We will cashier his excellence,
Let what will be the consequence;
But there are several objections—
He has a host of great connections
Throughout the state, whose influence
Has ever been and is immense.
The thing which most disturbs our peace, is,
His popularity increases;
'Tis whisper'd round, that in his trust
He's faithful, moderate, and just;
Guides with such steady hands the reins
Of government, that none complains:
Sets our old maxims at defiance,
And aids the cause of truth and science;
Besides all that, his novel wish, the
Scheme to organize militia,
Has much increas'd his growing fame,
And added lustre to his name.
While things proceed in such a train,
We cannot get him down again;
And while he's just we cannot thwart him,
For still the people will support him.
Upon the whole, our last resource is,
To rally all our broken forces:
Unite them in a phalanx firm,
And nip his greatness in the germe;
Strain every nerve to pull him down,
Destroy his pow'r, and raise our own;
Supplant him with a man, who knows
A diff'rence 'twixt his friends and foes;
One who, to circumstances bending,
Will be a little condescending.
Come, then, my friend, let discord cease,
And let us join in bonds of peace;
Let dark oblivion's shade be cast,
And let us bury all the past;
At friendship's shrine, let's consecrate
The past dissentions of our state;
Unite our friends, whom interest draws
Together, in a common cause;
Come, then, said he, (and seized my hand in
Transport) let an understanding
Take place between us both this day,
And to our friends the news convey;
The measure was propos'd by one
To me, nor brother or a son;
He said that something must be done.

Thus far he went. I sat reclin'd,
And weigh'd all matters in my mind.
Our prospects here, I knew were small;
I saw no glimpse of hope at all,
That ever we could rise again,
Or public confidence regain;
Myself, so popular of late,
In exile from my native state,
All I had heard or seen convinc'd me
The public voice was strong against me;
Nor can a party act alone,
When its file leader once is gone.
Things being thus, I deem'd it best,
For sake of our own interest,
To try what we could get in fair gain,
And strike immediately a bargain:
But that I might not seem elated,
I feign'd indiff'rence, hesitated,
Told him, that since I long had been
Absented wholly from the scene
Of state affairs, I did not know
Whether it would succeed or no;
I rais'd a scruple on the matter,
One of the most important nature,
Suppose, said I, we should combine,
Will not the world know our design?
What will the world's opinion be
Of all our boasted honesty?
Have not our friends profess'dly stood
The advocates for public good?
If we thus join and make concessions,
Will not mankind damn our professions?
Have they not heard the foulest lies
Which rage and malice could devise?

Has not the press teem'd with abuse,
As though the fiends of hell were loose?
The people, sure, have seen our squabbles,
Our contests, bullying, and cabals;
And now should we together come,
They'll call our honor all a hum:
Besides, in such affairs you know,
There ought to be a *quid pro quo*—
That is, to make it consequential,
Consideration is essential.

The first objection, then, quoth he,
Is futile—leave the affair to me.
My friends will gladly take that *onus*,
And all its consequences, on us,
And if we manage ill, disown us.
What has the common herd to do
With such affairs, pray let me know?
You cannot think me such a fool
As to believe them fit to rule.
Do common men, who handle votes,
Know what they vote for, more than goats.
When to the poll the ninny goes,
Some leader has him by the nose;
Not but I deem it highly politic,
Sometimes to practise what we call a trick,
To coax the people and cajole them,
When 'twould be unsafe to cudgel them.
The public's like an antic horse
At large, and jockies know the course
To bring the creature to subjection,
Is not at first t' apply correction:
Hence, towards the horse the rider goes,
With bridle hid beneath his clothes;
Holds forth a little salt, of course,
T' inveigle or to tempt the horse;
Or if he runs, he cries "*Cojack*,"
To stop his course or bring him back:
When near enough, he boldly seizes
The mane; then leads him where he pleases.
In politicks 'tis so: in short,
By little salt the horse is caught;
And salt I trow will not be sparing,
To bring this matter to a bearing;
For in our state, the fact so is,
We've several manufactories
In which, 'tis said, there's weekly made
Enough for home and foreign trade.
There's Daggerman is our first rate man-
Ufacturer—in truth a great man
For industry and strict attention,
And other virtues I could mention;
Indeed, we fear, the faithful creature
By working hard, will break his nature!
His understrappers in the shop,
Beneath his heavy burdens stoop;
Indeed they say he doubly loads them,
And most unmercifully goads them:
But some are weak, as asses' colts,
And such, for instance, are the *****,
Who, notwithstanding whip or goad,
Would sink beneath a half a load—

I ask your pardon, sir, quoth he,
Their names escape my memory;
But as they're not renown'd for sense,
Their names are not of consequence.
As to the *quid pro quo* objection,
Our friends will share in the election
Equal. The offices of state
Will be divided, *sans* debate.
We'll cut and carve the turkey fair,
And all our friends shall have their share.
'Twould be a singular and rare case,
When fill'd, to fight about the carcase.

Quoth I, in an affair so great,
'Twere rather best to stipulate,
Lest, after we had join'd each hand in
Friendship, some misunderstanding
By chance should rise, and "ebullitions
Of party strife" produce collisions.

Quoth he, if that is all you drive at,
We'll keep that matter all in private;
For should it get abroad, you know,
It might produce our overthrow.
First, then, we promise and declare,
Your friends alternately shall share
With us, in offices of state,
From governor to surrogate.
We've thought it would be rather fitting,
At first, to try to run ****** in,
The name is half, and there is none
In th' state sounds better than my own;
But next your friends must have their share.
The office next, is what!
A mayor,
Quoth I, because we find
It lucrative and unconfin'd;
This officer is not tied down
To filthy business of the town;
For if, perchance, he goes away
Four months a year, he gets his pay,
Whether engag'd in speculation,
Or in the business of the nation.
But whether such affairs are done or
Not, he must be a man of honor;
Not that he should be mark'd with scars
On 's shins, obtain'd in honor's wars;
But that he should be fully tried
In th' field, till he is satisfied;
And such a man my friends can start out—
What do you think of Johnny ********* ?

Yes, yes—quoth he, I do not care
If any Johny is the mayor.
There's no necessity, said he,
That more should pass, 'twixt you and me
Upon this point; but let our friends
Together join, and shape their ends;
And you relinquish all your cares,
And think of cabinet affairs:
Your services, dear sir, will not
Be pass'd in silence, and forgot;
The time approaches, when your worth
And brilliant talents, will shine forth;
In foreign courts, an active mind
Forever will employment find;
Here may be trac'd and fully seen,
The movements of the grand machine
Of Government; its secret springs;
Th' ambition and intrigues of kings.

But then, quoth I, there's one thing yet,
Which we by no means must forget:
There is a statute of our state,
Against my friends will operate.

You mean, quoth he, that one 'gainst duelling,
It is indeed a hard and cruel thing,
As circumstances now exist;
This then must be expung'd the list
Of laws. If we, for interest, make them,
Why not, for the same reason, break them.
I likewise understand, from hearsay,
They talk of hanging you in Jersey:
My friends their influence will exert,
This prosecution to divert.
These things and more will soon be done,
And henceforth all shall be as one;
Our former enmities shall cease;
This day we make a lasting peace.
Now aristocracy beware—
Ye Livingstonians have a care.
Let then a message be dispatch'd,
T' inform our friends the union's hatch'd.

Quoth I, there cannot be a doubt
The union may be brought about;
I'll take a journey incognita,
And see my friends within the city;
Make all arrangements necessary,
That the design may not miscarry.
Meantime inform your friends, that so
The business they may fully know.

This all is known before, quoth he,
Propos'd at first by them to me;
But then a letter shall be sent,
Informing them of this event;
And thus both sides will understand,
And not reluctant give the hand
In friendship, or unkindly tax
Each other, but unite like wax.

I then took leave with due submission,
And thus we plan'd the coalition.
And now, my brethren, all and one,
What more, what better could be done?
Our former hopes, alas! are gone.
I need not recapitulate,
Or tell the story of our fate.
Deceitful fortune oft has smil'd;
As often have we been beguil'd.
There was a time, alas! 'tis gone,
The sun of glory seem'd to dawn,
Bright'ning the prospect all before us;
But, lo! a dismal cloud came o'er us.
I fondly hop'd, in power basking,
To deal out favors without asking.
Had then dame fortune crown'd our wishes,
You now had shar'd the loaves and fishes:
'Twas not decreed, and stubborn fate
Plac'd me the second in the state;
A cypher merely, which alone,
Is not the millionth part of one.
You, who our common suff'rings share,
Say was not this too much to bear?
To be in duresse held for four years,
Disabled like a dog with sore ears?
Thus disappointed in my aim
To soar to presidential fame,
I thought to be, in spite of fate,
The first man in my native state;
For rather than to be the second,
I'd be a master barber reckon'd;
Yet here again we met defeat;
Another vaulted in the seat;
Each strong and vig'rous effort fail'd,
And aristocracy prevail'd:
That chief, whose keen sagacious eye
Survey'd profound futurity,
Withheld the phalanx of his force,
And every thing was gone of course.
Thus was I left, a perfect *non est*,
Because forsooth I was not honest.
Despair now rankled in my breast—
We fought, he fell! but, ah! the rest—
How hard to quit our native sod,
Like ancient Cain, for land of Nod;
I left this city in the night,
Without a witness to my flight.
Since then, I've wander'd far away;
Oft have I shunn'd the light of day,
A fugitive and exile driv'n,
The scorn of man, the curse of heav'n.
Where'er I rov'd the country round,
I heard not flattery's pleasing sound;
No friendly voice a welcome gave,
But all was silent as the grave;
No friendly hand was stretch'd out to me,
But shunn'd by ev'ry one that knew me;
The busy world and its affairs,
Increas'd my load of griefs and cares;
And though I travell'd free from danger,
I found myself a lonely stranger.
Ye sacred pow'rs, why is this breast
Of sensibility possest?
Why form that subtile thrilling maze,
To vibrate to the sound of praise;
Which, like the music of the spheres,
Delights the soul, the spirit cheers?
Was this to sink us lower down,
When friends forsake and fortune frowns
The soul with madness to infect,
At cold indiff'rence and neglect?
'Twas so; I've had an ample share
Of feelings, bordering on despair.
Although on softest down I lay,
Yet gentle sleep flies far away;
The lingering night I pass in pain,
And loathsome visions fill my brain:
E'en late at night, my murder'd friend,
Did from etherial realms descend;
The leader of the fed'ral band,
Before me stood, or seem'd to stand!
That eye of fire no longer roll'd;
That tuneful voice, for freedom bold,
Was dumb and silent as the grave;—
At length a dismal sigh he gave—
My friend, he cries, for once 'twas so,
Think what you are about to do!
"I charge thee fling away ambition;"
It ill comports with thy condition.
Join not that furious, factious band,
To scatter ruin through the land;
Our country's good forbids the union
Of rogues and knaves in close communion.
Thus spoke the phantom of the night,
And straitway vanish'd out of sight.
This thing is not related here,
To fill your souls with dread or fear;
But to inform you what I've suffer'd;—
But on this head you have enough heard.
These are but idle dreams and fancies,
Form'd to deceive, as ev'ry man sees;
Mere bugbears, floating in the brain,
To fill an honest mind with pain:
Tis fancy's war against our reason,
In th' empire of the mind, high treason.

Now, friends and brethren in my cares,
You see the state of our affairs;
You see, in each vicissitude,
My object was our common good:
Consulting this criterion,
What you have heard, that have I done:
As for its final consummation,
This may be done on fit occasion;
It rests on your determination.
But, lo! the dusky shades of nigh
Depart apace, and soon the light
Upon the waking world will creep,
And nature's voice invites to sleep;
The watchman's voice sounds strong and clear,
And shrill's the cry of chanticleer.

(Conclusion of the first Canto.)

COALITION.

THERE is such a difference in the account given by Gen. *Bailey* and by Mr. *Swartwout* of the conversation between themselves, previous to their supping together, that some believe one, and some the other, and some neither of them. All agree that it was a mysterious and iniquitous business. Mr. Swartwout, in his statement, has the following words: "To be plain, Gen. Bailey—Do these propositions come from Mr. De Witt Clinton, who is esteemed the chief of your party, or from yourself merely? He answered, they come from Mr. Clinton, who is desirous to meet you and your friends, to bury past animosities, and to re-unite on fair and honorable terms"—"I must, however, declare, that the exclusion of Mr. Burr was never in the remotest degree suggested by any gentleman of the Clinton party with whom I conversed. On the contrary, whenever his name was mentioned, it was in terms of the highest respect. Great solicitude was manifested, that the suit of Mr. Burr against the editor of the American Citizen should be discontinued."

Gen. Bailey says, that Mr. Swartwout must have "*misunderstood*" him. Strange that Mr. Swartwout's organs of hearing, or his mental faculties should be so dull! Equally strange, if Gen. Bailey (a man of known veracity) should relate what is not truth! It is really a queer business. No one has denied, that Mr. Cheetham gave for a toast, at the supper, *John Swartwout*, and drank *Aaron Burr*. These are universally acknowledged facts, and beyond the possibility of contradiction.

DOUBTY.

Editor's Closet.

To Cheetham.

There's little or no use in detecting your lies. It only renders you so much the more worthy of the patronage of your party. But still I don't like to have you lie about me; and, of course, you may suppose I was not much gratified at the appearance of the following passage in one of your late papers.

"The BALANCE, printed at Hudson, and said to be owned and controuled by Mr. Van Ness."

You remind me of the little spaniel, that wore around his neck, a collar, on which was engraved:——"*I am Mr.* ——*'s dog; whose dog are you?*"—Because you are Dewitt Clinton's dog—bark for him—run here and run there—come when he whistles—go when he bids you—crouch when he frowns—lick the dust when he feeds you—wriggle and fawn when he pats you—do not imagine that others are in your degraded situation. It is not fair, in this case, to judge of other's affairs by your own. Between *us*, Cheetham, there is a vast difference.——I am an American—you are imported. I am a printer—you a hatter. I am the sole owner and Editor of my paper—you, a tool. My establishment was purchased and is maintained by my own individual property and credit—you are backed by an indemnifying engagement from Dewitt & Co.——

With respect to your insinuation concerning Mr. Van Ness, it is totally false and groundless. No person, except myself, has any interest, concern, influence or controul, in my business. When I can no longer act independently, you will no longer hear of the Balance.

Sooner than play *your* base and despicable part,
I'll bid the world adieu, and mount the Tyburn cart.

H. CROSWELL.

Mr. Nicholas,

Whilst he resided in Virginia, and held a seat in Congress, was almost adored by our New-York democrats; but now, finding him friendly to the Governor, and dreading his influence and talents, they bestow on him all manner of abuse and opprobrium.

The *Bee* has given battle to the *Republican Advocate*. He says, "the republicans of this state are no more a *clan* than those of Maryland, nor more apt to commit *rascality*, or *deeds of dark and terrible infamy*."—This will not be disputed. Hit him again!

Communication.

JUDGE THORN.

Hardly any question occurred, during the session of the legislature, fairly to try the strength of the friends and enemies of the present administration in this state. Perhaps, the one which shewed most clearly the comparative strength, was that of inserting the name of Mr. *Hale* in the place of Judge *Thorn*, as a manager of the lotteries. The bill came from the senate to the assembly with the name of Mr. Hale; and after some debate in the assembly, they concurred by a considerable majority. It is true, that the bill was, at last, negatived; probably, because some members were opposed to the substance of the bill; and some, because, it might prove injurious to Mr. Thorn, whom though they considered as a *Clintonian* bawler, yet were willing to extend lenity. Some of his advocates had, very imprudently, introduced in the debate, the reports concerning him. This, his opponents endeavored to avoid, and wished the question to be taken without a discussion of the merits of either of the gentlemen. Warmth, however, often overcomes prudence; and the friends of Mr. Thorn had brought him forward in so full a light, even asserting that his wife had said, that he promised to be with her at such a night, that compassion naturally operated in his favor.

It is certain, that both the senate and the assembly did substitute Mr. Hale for Mr. Thorn; and this is the more remarkable, as the former has long been an inflexible federalist, and the latter a *genuine* republican, wonderfully attached to the "rights of man," which are now summed up in *Clinton, Cheetham, Smith & Co.* Some are of opinion that Mr. Thorn will resign; or at least not take an active part in the management of the lotteries; but others who know how tenacious the *genuines* are of office, and that they thrust themselves into every hole and corner, think otherwise. Though the managers are paid for their attendance, yet the sum is not so great as to induce a man not very needy to expose himself to the suspicions of the people. There is nothing, in the present case, except suspicion or rumour; but this is often sufficient to shake the public confidence. Mr. Purdy was only accused, not tried; and yet there are those who either believe or affect to believe, that he is guilty, notwithstanding the senate accepted of his resignation as they would have done that of any other member.

POLITICUS.

Hudson Academy.

The public are respectfully informed, that the Trustees of the Hudson Academy, have engaged a preceptress of celebrity from Connecticut, to take charge of the YOUNG LADIES SCHOOL, in this seminary; and that the said school will be opened about the first of May next, for the purpose of teaching the several branches of polite education. The room, devoted to this school, is one of the most commodious, pleasant, and airy in the state. Terms of tuition will be from three to four dollars per quarter, according to the branches taught. Distant scholars may be accommodated with board in the neighborhood of the academy; and no exertions shall be wanting on the part of the trustees, to render the course of education as agreeable as useful.

The other schools in the academy are progressing, under approved instructors, with highly favorable prospects. Subscriptions, for the several departments, will be received and attended to by William Ashley.

By order of the board of trustees.
JOHN SWIFT, *President.*

Congress.

MR. RANDOLPH's SPEECH.

Continued.

GENTLEMEN talk of 1793. They might as well go back to the Trojan war. What was your situation then? Then every heart beat high with sympathy for France, for *Republican France!* I am not prepared to say, with my friend from Pennsylvania, we were all ready to draw our swords in her cause, but I affirm that we were prepared to have gone great lengths. I am not ashamed to pay this compliment to the hearts of the American people, even if at the great expense of their understandings. It was a noble and generous sentiment which nations like individuals are never the worse for having felt. They were I repeat it, ready to make great sacrifices for France. And why ready? Because she was fighting the battles of the human race against the combined enemies of their liberty--because she was performing the part which Great Britain now, in fact sustains—forming the only bulwark against universal dominion. Knock away her navy and where are you? Under the naval despotism of France, unchecked and unqualified by any antagonizing military power, at best but a change of masters. The tyrant of the ocean and the tyrant of the land is one and the same, lord of all, and who shall say him nay, nor wherefore doest thou this thing? Give to the tyger the properties of the shark, and there is no longer safety for the beasts of the forest or the fishes of the sea. Where was this high anti-Britannick spirit of the gentleman from Pennsylvania when his vote would have put an end to the British treaty, that pestilent source of evil to this country? And at a time, too, when it was not less the interest than the sentiment of this people to pull down Great Britain and exalt France. Then, when the gentleman might have acted with effect, he could not screw his courage to the sticking place. Then England was combined in what was proved a feeble inefficient coalition, but which gave just cause of alarm to every friend of freedom. Now the liberties of the human race are threatened by a single power, more formidable than the coalesced world, to whose utmost ambition, vast as it is, the naval force of Great Britain forms the only obstacle.

I am perfectly sensible and ashamed of the trespass I am making on the patience of the committee—but as I know not whether it will be in my power to trouble them again on this subject, I must beg leave to continue my crude and desultory observations. I am not ashamed to confess that they are so.

At the commencement of this session we received a printed message from the president of the U. S. breathing a great deal of national honor and indignation at the outrages we had endured, particularly from Spain. She was especially named and pointed at. She had pirated upon your commerce, imprisoned your citizens, violated your actual territory; invaded the very limits solemnly established between the two nations, by the treaty of San Lorenzo. Some of the state legislatures, (among others the very state on which the gentleman from Pennsylvania relies for support) sent forward resolutions pledging their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor, in support of any measures you might take in vindication of your injured rights. Well, sir, what have you done? You have had resolutions laid upon your table—gone to some expense of printing and stationary—mere pen, ink, and paper, and that's all. Like true political quacks you deal only in handbills and nostrums. Sir, I blush to see the records of our proceedings, they resemble nothing but the advertisement of patent medicines. Here you have "the worm destroying Lozenges," there "Church's Cough Drops," and to crown the whole, "Sloan's vegetable Specific," an infallible remedy for all nervous disorders and vertigoes of brain-sick politicians:—each man only adjuring you to give his medicine only a faint trial. If indeed these wonder working nostrums could perform but one half of what they promise, there is little danger of our dying a political death, at this time at least. But, sir, in politics as in physic, the Doctor is oft times the most dangerous disease—and this I take to be our case at present.

But, sir why do I talk of Spain! There are no longer Pyrenees. There exists no such nation—no such being as a Spanish king, or minister. It is a mere juggle played off for the benefit of those who put the mechanism into motion. You know, sir, that you have no differences with Spain—that she is the passive tool of a superior power to whom at this moment you are crouching. Are your differences indeed with Spain? And where are you going to send your political panacea, resolutions and handbills excepted, your arcanum of government—your king cure of all?—To Madrid? No—You are not such quacks as not to know where the shoe pinches—*to Paris.* You know at least where the disease lies, and there you apply your remedy. When the nation anxiously demands the result of your deliberations, you hang your head and blush to tell. *You are afraid to tell.* Your mouth is hermetically sealed. Your honor has received a wound which must not take air. Gentlemen dare not come forward and avow their work, much less defend it in the presence of the nation. Give them all they ask, that Spain exists, and what then? After shrinking from the Spanish jackall do you presume to bully the British lion. But here the secret comes out. Britain is your rival in trade, and governed as you are by compting house politicians, you would sacrifice the paramount interests of the country, to wound that rival. For Spain and France you are carriers—and from good customers every indignity is to be endured. And what is the nature of this trade? Is it that carrying trade which sends abroad the flour, tobacco, cotton, beef, pork, fish and lumber of this country, and brings back in return foreign articles necessary for our existence, or comfort. No, sir, 'tis a trade carried on that tends to assimilate our manners and government to those of the most corrupt countries of Europe. Yes, sir, and when a question of great national magnitude presents itself to you, causes those who now prate about national honor and spirit to pocket an insult,—to consider it as a mere matter of debit and credit a business of profit and loss—and nothing else.

The first thing that struck my mind when this resolution was laid on the table was *unde derivatur?* a question always put to us at school—whence comes it? Is this only the putative father of the bantling he is taxed to maintain, or indeed the actual parent, the real progenitor of the child? or is it the production of the cabinet—But I knew you had *no* cabinet—no system. I had seen dispatches relating to vital measures laid before you the day after your final decision on those measures—four weeks after they were received—not only their contents, but their very existence, all that time unsuspected and unknown to men whom the people fondly believe assist with their wisdom and experience at every important deliberation. Do you believe that this system or rather this no system will do. I am free to answer it will not. It cannot last. I am not so afraid of the fair open constitutional, responsible influence of government—but I shrink intuitively from this left-handed, invisible, irresponsible influence, which defies the touch, but pervades and decides every thing. Let the executive come forward to the legislature—let us see whilst we feel it. If we cannot rely on its wisdom, is it any disparagement to the gentleman from Pennsylvania to say that I cannot rely upon him? No, sir, he has mistaken his talent. He is not the Palinurus on whose skill the nation at this trying moment can repose their confidence. I will have nothing to do with his paper—much less will I endorse it, and make myself responsible for its goodness. I will not put my name to it. I assert that there is no cabinet, no system, no plan—That which I believe in one place I shall never hesitate to say in another. This is no time, no place for mincing our steps. The people have a right to know, they shall know the state of their affairs, at least as far as I am at liberty to communicate them. I speak from personal knowledge—Ten days ago there had been no consultation—there existed no opinion in your executive department—at least none that was avowed—on the contrary, there was an express disavowal of any opinion whatsoever, on the great subject before you; and I have good reason for saying that none has been formed since. Some time ago a book was laid on our table, which like some other bantling did not bear the name of its father. Here I was taught to expect a solution of all doubts, an end to all our difficulties. If, sir, I were the foe, as I trust I am the friend to this nation, I would exclaim—"Oh! that mine enemy would write a book." At the very outset, in the very first page. I believe there is a complete abandonment of the principle in dispute. Has any gentleman got the work? (It was handed by one of the members.) The first position taken is the broad principle of the unlimited freedom of trade between nations at peace, which the writer endeavors to extend to the trade between a neutral and belligerent power;—accompanied however by this acknowledgement. "But inasmuch as the "trade of a neutral with a belligerent nation, might, "in certain special cases, *affect the safety of its antagonist, usage, founded on the principle of* NECESSITY, has admitted a few exceptions to the general rule." Whence comes the doctrine of contraband, blockade, and enemy's property? Now, sir, for what does that celebrated pamphlet, "War in Disguise," which is said to have been written under the eye of the British prime minister, contend, but this "principle of necessity." And this is abandoned by this pamphleteer at the very threshold of the discussion. But as if this were not enough, he goes on to assign as a reason for not referring to the authority of the ancients that "the great change "which has taken place in the state of manners, "in the maxims of war, *and in the course of commerce*, make it pretty certain"—(what degree of certainty is this?)—"that either nothing will be "found relating to the question, or *nothing sufficiently applicable to deserve attention in deciding it.*" Here, sir, is an apology of the writer for not disclosing the whole extent of his learning, (which might have overwhelmed the reader) is the admission that a change of circumstances—("in the course of commerce")—has made—(and therefore will now justify) a total change of the law of nations. What more could the most inveterate of English usurpation demand? What else could they require to establish all, and even more than they contend for? Sir, there is a class of men—we know them very well—who if you only permit them to lay the foundation, will build you up step by step, and brick by brick, very neat and shewy, if not tenable arguments. To detect them 'tis only necessary to watch their premises, where you will often find the point at issue totally surrendered as in this case it is. Again:—is the *mare liberum* any where asserted in this book? That free ships make free goods?—No, sir, the right of search is acknowledged, that enemy's property is lawful prize, is sealed and delivered. And after abandoning these principles, what becomes of the doctrine, that a mere shifting of the goods from one ship to another, the touching at another port changes the property.—Sir, give up this principle, and there is an end of the question.—You lie at the mercy of the conscience of a court of admiralty.—Is Spanish sugar, or French coffee, made American property, by the mere change of the cargo, or even by the landing and payment of the duties?—Does this operation effect a change of property?—And when the duties are drawn back, and the sugars and coffee re-exported, are they not (as enemy's property) liable to seizure, upon the principles of the 'examination of the British doctrine, &c.' And is there not the best reason to believe, that this operation is performed in many if not in most cases, to give a neutral aspect and colour to the merchandize?

I am prepared, sir, to be represented as willing to surrender important rights of this nation, to a foreign government. I have been told that this sentiment is already whispered in the dark, by time-servers and sycophants—But if your clerk dared to print them I would appeal to your journals—I would call for the reading of them, but that I know they are not for profane eyes to look upon. I confess that I am more ready to surrender to a naval power a square league of the ocean, than to a territorial one a square inch of land within our limits—and I am ready to meet the friends of the resolution on this ground at any time. Let them take off the injunction of secrecy.—They dare not. They are ashamed and afraid to do it. They may give winks and nods and pretend to be wise, but they dare not come out and tell the nation what they have done. Gentlemen may take notes if they please—but I will never from any motive short of self-defence, enter upon war. I will never be instrumental to the ambitious schemes of Bonaparte—nor put into his hands what will enable him to wield the world:—and on the very principle that I wished success to the French arms in 1793. And wherefore? Because the case is changed—Great Britain can never again

see the year 1760 Her continental influence is gone forever. Let who will be uppermost on the continent of Europe, she must find more than a counterpoise for her strength Her race is run. She can only be formidable as a maritime power—and even as such, perhaps not long Are you going to justify the acts of the last administration, for which they have been deprived of the government at our instance? Are you going back to the ground of 1798 9? I ask any man who now advocates a rupture with England, to assign a single reason for his opinion, that would not have justified a French war in 1798 If injury and insult abroad would have justified it, we had them in abundance then. But what did the republicans say at that day? That under the cover of a war with France, the executive would be armed with a patronage and power which might enable it to master our liberties. They deprecated foreign war, and navies, and standing armies, and loans, and taxes. The delirium passed away;—The good sense of the people triumphed, and our differences were accommodated without a war. And what is there in the situation of England that invites to war with her. 'Tis true she does not deal so largely in perfectability, but she supplies you with a much more useful commodity, with coarse woollens. With less profession indeed she occupies the place of France in 1793. She is the sole bulwark of the human race against universal dominion—No thanks to her for it. In protecting her own existence, she ensures theirs. I care not who stands in this situation, whether England or Bonaparte—I practise the doctrines now that I professed in 1798. Gentlemen may hunt up the journals if they please—I voted against all such projects under the administration of John Adams, and I will continue to do so under that of Thomas Jefferson.

Are you not contented with being free and happy at home? Or will you surrender these blessings that your merchants may tread on Turkish and Persian carpets, and burn the perfumes of the east in their vaulted rooms. Gentlemen say, 'tis but an annual million lost, and even if it were five times that amount, what is it compared with your neutral rights? Sir, let me tell them a hundred millions will be but a drop in the bucket, if once they launch, without rudder or compass, into this ocean of foreign warfare. Whom do they want to attack—England. They hope it is a popular thing—and talk about Bunker's Hill, and the gallant feats of our revolution. But is Bunker's Hill to be the theatre of war? No, sir, you have selected the ocean—and the object of attack is that very navy which prevented the combined fleets of France and Spain from levying contribution upon you in your own seas—that very navy which in the famous war of 1798, stood between you and danger. Whilst the fleets of the enemy were pent up in Toulon, or pinioned in Brest, we performed wonders to be sure:—but, sir, if England had drawn off, France would have told you quite a different tale—You would have struck no medals. This is not the sort of conflict that you are to count upon, if you go to war with Great Britain. *Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat.* And are you mad enough to take up the cudgels that have been struck from the nerveless hands of the three great maritime powers of Europe? Shall the planter mortgage his little crop and jeopardize the constitution in support of commercial monopoly?—In the vain hope of satisfying the insatiable greediness of trade? Administer the constitution upon its own principles, for the general welfare, and not for the benefit of any particular class of men. Do you meditate war for the possession of Baton Rouge, or Mobile, places which your own laws declare to be within your limits. Is it even for the fair trade that exchanges your surplus produce for such foreign articles as you require? No, sir, 'tis for a circuitous traffic—an ignis fatuus. And against whom? A nation from whom you have every thing to fear:—I speak as to our liberties. No, sir, with a nation from whom you have nothing, or next to nothing to fear to the aggrandizement of one against which you have every thing to dread. I look to their ability and interest—not to their disposition. When you rely on that, the case is desperate. Is it to be inferred from all this that I would yield to Great Britain? No, I would act towards her *now* as I was disposed to do towards France in 1798 and 1799; treat with her:—and for the same reason—on the same principles. Do I say I would treat with her? At this moment you have a negociation pending with her government. With her you have not tried negociation and failed, totally failed, as you have done with Spain—or rather France. And wherefore under such circumstances this hostile spirit to the one, and this (I won't say what)—to the other.

But a great deal is said about the law of nations. What is national law, but, *national power guided by national interest?* You yourselves acknowledge and practise upon this principle where you can, or where you dare; with the Indian tribes for instance—I might give another and more forcible illustration. Will the learned lumber of your libraries add a ship to your fleet, or a shilling to your revenue? Will it pay or maintain a single soldier? and will you preach and prate of violations of your neutral rights when you tamely and meanly submit to the violation of your territory? Will you collar the stealer of your sheep, and let him escape who has invaded the repose of your fire side—has insulted your wife and children under your own roof? This is the heroism of truck and traffic—the public spirit of sordid avarice. Great Britain violates your flag upon the high seas. What is her situation?—contending, not for the dismantling of Dunkirk—for Quebec, or Pondicherry—but for London and Westminster for life. Her enemy violating at will, the territories of other nations—acquiring thereby a collossal power that threatens the very existence of her rival. But she has one vulnerable point to the arms of her adversary, which she covers with the ensigns of neutrality. She draws the neutral flag over the heel of Achilles. And can you ask that adversary to respect it, at the expense of her existence? And in favor of whom? An enemy that respects no neutral territory of Europe, and not even your own. I repeat that the insults of Spain towards this nation, have been at the instigation of France; that there is no longer any Spain: well, sir, because the French government do not put this into the Moniteur, you choose to shut your eyes to it—None so blind as those who will not see. You shut your own eyes, and to blind those of other people, you go into conclave—and slink out again and say—"a great affair of state!" *C'est une grande affaire d'etat!* It seems that your sensibility is entirely confined to the extremities. You may be pulled by the nose and ears and never feel it; but let your strong box be attacked and you are all nerve—"let us go to war!" Sir, if they called upon me only for my little *peculium*, to carry it on, perhaps I might give it:—but my rights and liberties are involved in the grant, and I will never surrender them whilst I have life. The gentleman from Massachusetts (Mr. Crowninshield) is for spunging the debt. I can never consent—I will never bring the ways and means of fraudulent bankruptcy into your committee of supply. Confiscation and swindling shall never be found among my estimates to meet the current expenditure of peace or war. No, sir—I have said with the doors closed, and I say so when they are open—"pay the public debt." Get rid of that dead weight upon your government, that cramp upon all your measures, and then you may put the world at defiance. So long as it hangs upon you, you must have revenue and to have revenue you must have commerce—commerce, peace. And shall these nefarious schemes be advised for lightening the public burthens—will you resort to these low and pitiful shifts—dare even to mention these dishonest artifices to eke out your expences, when the public treasure is lavished on Turks and infidels—on singing boys and dancing girls—to furnish the means of bestiality to an African barbarian?

Gentlemen say that G. Britain will count upon our division. How! What does she know of them? Can they ever expect greater unanimity than prevailed at the last presidential election—no, sir, 'tis the gentleman's own conscience that squeaks. But if she cannot calculate upon your divisions, at least she may reckon upon your pusillanimity. She may well despise the resentment that cannot be excited to honorable battle on its own ground—the mere effusion of mercantile cupidity. Gentlemen talk of repealing the British treaty. The gentleman from Pennsylvania should have thought of that, before he voted to carry it into effect. And what is all this for? A point which Great Britain will not abandon to Russia, you expect her to yield to you: Russia, indisputably the second power of continental Europe: with half a million of hardy troops; with sixty sail of the line;—thirty millions of subjects: a territory more extensive even than our own; Russia, sir, the store house of the British navy; whom it is not more the policy and the interest, than the sentiment of that government, to soothe and conciliate: her sole hope of diversion on the continent, her only efficient ally. What this formidable power cannot obtain with fleets and armies, you will command by writ—with pot hooks and hangers. I am for no such policy. True honor is always the same Before you enter into a contest public or private, be sure you have fortitude enough to go through with it. If you mean war, say so, and prepare for it; look on the other side: behold the respect in which France holds neutral rights on land; observe her conduct in regard to the Franconian estates of the king of Prussia: I say nothing of the petty powers—of the elector of Baden or the Swiss; I speak of a first rate monarchy of Europe and at a moment too when its neutrality was the object of all others nearest the heart of the French emperor. If you make him monarch of the ocean you may bid adieu to it forever. You may take your leave, sir, of navigation—even of the Missisippi. What is the situation of New-Orleans if attacked to morrow? Filled with discontented and repining people—whose language, manners and religion all incline them to the invader—a dissatisfied people who despise the miserable governor you have set over them—whose honest prejudices and basest passions alike take part against you. I draw my information from no dubious source; from a native American an enlightened member of that odious and imbecile government: You have official information that the town and its dependencies are utterly defenceless and untenable; a firm belief that (apprized of this) government would do something to put the place in a state of security, alone has kept the American portion of the community quiet. You have held that post, you now hold it by the tenure of the naval predominance of England, and yet you are for a British naval war.

There are now but two great commercial nations—Great Britain is one—we are the other. When you consider the many points of contact between our interests, you may be surprised that there has been so little collision. Sir, to the other belligerent nations of Europe your navigation is a convenience, I might say a necessary. If you do not carry for them, they must starve at least for the luxuries of life, which custom has rendered almost indispensable. And if you cannot act with some degree of spirit towards those who are dependant upon you as carriers, do you reckon to brow-beat a jealous rival, who the moment she lets slip the dogs of war sweeps you at a blow, from the ocean. And, *qui bono?* for whose benefit? The planter? Nothing like it: The fair, honest real American merchant?—No, sir, for renegadoes; to-day American—to-morrow Danes. Go to war when you will, the property now covered by the American, will then pass under the Danish, or some other neutral flag. Gentlemen say that one English ship is worth three of ours: we shall therefore have the advantage in privateering—did they ever know a nation get rich by privateering; this is stuff, sir, for the nursery—remember that your products are bulky—as has been stated—they require a vast tonnage to transport them abroad—and that but two nations possess that tonnage: take these carriers out of the market: What is the result? The manufactures of England which (to use a finishing touch of the gentleman's rhetorick) have received the finishing stroke of art, lie in a small comparative compass. The neutral trade can carry them. Your produce rots in the ware-house—you go to 'Statia or St. Thomas's and get a striped blanket for a joe if you can raise one—double freight charges and commission—who receives the profit?—the carrier—who pays it? the consumer. All your produce that finds its way to England must bear the same accumulated charges—with this difference:—that THERE the burthen falls on the home price. I appeal to the experience of the last war—which has been so often cited. What, then was the price of produce, and of broad cloth?

But you are told England will not make war—she has her hands full—Holland calculated in the same way in 1781: how did it turn out? You stand now in the place of Holland, then—without her navy, unaided by the preponderating fleets of France and Spain—to say nothing of the Baltic powers. Do you want to take up the cudgels where these great maritime states have been forced to drop them? to meet Great Britain on the ocean and drive her off its face. If you are so far gone as this, every capi-

tal measure of your policy has hitherto been wrong. You should have nurtured the old, and devised new systems of taxation—have cherished your navy—begin this busines when you may, land taxes, stamp acts, window taxes, hearth money, excise in all its modifications of vexation and oppression, must precede, or follow after. But, sir, as French is the fashion of the day, I may be asked for my *project*. I can readily tell what I will not do, *I will not propitiate any foreign nation with money*. I will not launch into a naval war with great Britain, although I am ready to meet her at the Cowpens or on Bunker's Hill. And for this plain reason—we are a great land animal and our business is on shore. I will send her no money, sir, on any pretext whatsoever, much less on pretence of buying Labrador, or Botany bay, when my real object was to secure limits, which she formally acknowledged at the peace of 1783. I go farther—I would (if any thing) have laid an embargo. This would have got our own property home, and our adversary's into our power. If there is any wisdom left among us the first step towards hostility, will always be an embargo. In six months all your mercantile megrims would vanish.—As thus, although it would cut deep we can stand it. Without such a precaution, go to war when you will, you go to the wall. As to debts—strike the balance to-morrow, and England is I believe in our debt.

(To be continued.)

FROM THE UNITED STATES' GAZETTE.

For the following interesting letter the Editor is indebted to a highly esteemed friend at Washington.

WASHINGTON, *March* 22, 1806.

Dear Sir,

THE Louisiana madness is wonderfully abating here.—Men who but a year past considered this vaunted purchase sufficient to immortalize their fame, now view it as the chief monument of their disgrace, and deny their agency in it—What they then supposed their highest honor they now shrink from as the galling tale of reproach. Never were a set of poor devils so sick of any thing; one lays the *blame* upon another, each has become the acculer of his fellows; in one fact however, they are all obliged to agree, that we have been most unmercifully swindled, and as you will see, shall be so again. The "vegetable specific apothecaries," that are here depleting the nation, may for the present shut their doors, and apply a hair of the same dog to the wound they have inflicted upon the national honor; but the cur will not suffer himself to be so pluck'd long. —'The cook and cabin boy will have to skulk below yet with the captain and mate.' With us who have been unavoidably let into the secrets of the Louisiana proceedings, it is a question difficult to decide which has surpassed, the weakness of the administration, or the corruption of their agents; folly or vice.—An investigation, that is now going on in the house of representatives, may perhaps bring to punishment the perpetrators of the latter, and the authors of the former will sink into disgrace; but what retribution will that be to the nation for her loss of character and this profligate waste of treasure. West Florida, that Mr. Jefferson and his friends but recently boasted with such exultation of having acquired, it seems now is not ours, or at least Talleyrand says so, and that is the best evidence the nature of the case can admit of. So confident were these statesmen and sage negociators, of its being within the lines of their Louisiana purchase, that a law passed congress on the 24th of February, 1804, authorizing the president to erect a port of entry and delivery in this very territory. In the 11th section of that law is the following provision: "The president is hereby authorized, whenever he shall deem it expedient, to erect the shores, waters and inlets of the *bay* and river *Mobile*, and of the rivers, creeks, inlets and bays emptying into the gulf of Mexico, east of the said river Mobile, and west thereof to the Pascaguola inclusive, into a separate district and to establish such place within the same as he shall deem expedient, to be the port of entry and delivery for such district; and to designate such other places, within the same district, not exceeding two, to be ports of entry." It is here to be observed, in order to prevent shuffling, that although the waters of the bay of Mobile extend into the Mississippi territory, yet there is no *shore* of that bay within thirty miles of any part of the "good old United States." The president in pursuance of this act did erect *W. Florida*, or rather the Floridas, into a separate collection district and established a port of entry and delivery, it is true a little above our old line, at Fort Stodert: but the Spaniards in defiance of our law, of our right, and even of the president himself, commander in chief of the armies and navies of the U. States, &c. &c. still hold, *vi et armis*, the country—*our collection district*. And this is not all, they make us pay at the town of Mobile, a toll of 12 per cent. upon all our vessels and cargoes passing through this district of *ours*. And now what is to be done about this business? 'Try which can do the other most harm?' No, 'too unprofitable this. It only remains then that we should quietly tread back our steps and lay down new pretensions, or, what will be more conveneint, give Monsieur Talleyrand seven or ten millions, or such a matter, to do it for us, and then if we *harm* any body it will be ourselves, and this is nobody's business but our own. If we had thought however to have examined the title, before we paid the money, it might have saved us a good deal of trouble: for now instead of holding all the country east of the Mississippi, the waters of which fall into the Gulf of Mexico, and for which we have actually legislated, or of holding even West-Florida itself, infinitely more important to us in point of situation than the whole of Louisiana, New-Orleans excepted, and for the purchase of which the money was known to have been appropriated, we find within our humble claim only the little island of New-Orleans east of the Mississippi. Exactly what we wanted we did not get.—What a wonderful speculation! If this unfortunate mistake had been found out some time ago how it would have damped the national festivals, and the National Intelligencer.—The great object is to keep this affair as secret as possible till the blunder is some how remedied.—Oh 'tis well the United States are rich, and the purses of the people open whilst the doors of Congress are closed. What would be thought of a company of the wildest land speculators, who should purchase and pay fifteen millions of dollars for a territory, without first ascertaining its boundaries, or even being able to come within hundreds of miles of them, either east or west. Leaving on the *one side* infinitely the most valuable part of the supposed and vaunted acquisition, in a situation not to be obtained but at the point of the bayonet, or by a peace offering of additional sums of money, and on the other, a country larger in extent than one third of the whole U. S. a subject of the most vague dispute: as to the limits of which after paying fifteen millions of dollars they could not produce a single scrap of paper, upon which to found the most uncertain conjecture, however extravagant such a case may appear in the abstract, we have now a precedent for it.—We are already stigmatized in Europe as the land jobbers of Talleyrand, and what will be tho't of us when in the face of all the world, with our eyes open, we submit with such tame and philosophick acquiesence to be swindled out of our treasure by France, and bullied out of our rights by Spain? Let those who have brought the government to this debased condition, who have covered the nation with ignominy and shame, without a blush themselves, answer the question.

Hudson, *April* 15.

Be it our weekly task,
To note the passing tidings of the times.

☞ *The Secret.*

The injunction of secrecy as to the late proceedings of Congress, is taken off; and it turns out, that during the sittings with closed doors, TWO MILLIONS OF DOLLARS were appropriated for the re-purchase of a part of Louisiana.

Extract of a letter from a gentleman of Nachitoches, dated, the 12th ult.

I was last evening informed by the commanding officer of this post, that he had received official accounts of from 5 to 7000 troops being on their way for this post, and which would arrive in less than three weeks. In consequence of which he had directed the agent of the contractor to procure army supplies, and keep in store provisions for two or three months, sufficient to issue at least 7000 rations per

day. An expreſs was immediately diſpatched to Fort Adams and Natches, requiring a ſupply as ſoon as poſſible."

By an extract of a letter in the Kentucky Gazette we learn that General Wilkinſon has fomented the differences between the American and French citizens in Upper-Louiſiana, to an alarming degree. This man we have long looked upon with a jealous eye. The charges preferred againſt him by General Wayne, which his death prevented an inveſtigation of, induce us to believe Wilkinſon owes much of his greatneſs to that unfortunate event. During the Federal glory, none were at levees more conſpicuous than J. Wilkinſon; a new adminiſtration came in, and this court paraſite became a profeſſed admirer of Mr. Jefferſon. This is not all...We are told that although a ſychophant to his ſuperiors, he is unpardonably tyrannical to his inferiors. Moreover it is ſuggeſted to us, but we cannot vouch for its correctneſs that he has in his poſſeſſion about 100,000 dollars which he has not accounted for. Should this be the caſe we confidently aſſert that he will not long go free.

Ohio Herald.

This Gen. Wilkinſon is the ſame man who ſo cruelly perſecuted the late brave and unfortunate Col. Butler....*Ed. E. P.*

Monteviedo taken by the Britiſh.—Advice is received at the iſland of Cuba, by a packet from Old Spain, that Monteviedo on the River la Plata, is taken poſſeſſion of by the Britiſh and that their force amounted to eighteen thouſand troops.... the commanding officer on this expedition was not named at Cuba, when our informant received this intelligence.

Dreadful hurricane. About the 20th. of Nov. one of the moſt violent hurricanes was experienced on the coaſt of Spain, that ever was remembered. A letter received by a reſpectable houſe in London, from Valentia, of the 23d ult. ſtates its effects to have been moſt dreadful in that place. It rained inceſſantly for four days during which time, upwards of 200 houſes, were waſhed away, and not a veſtige of them left behind; a number of perſons, in endeavoring to ſave their effects, loſt their lives. To add to the diſaſter, numbers of ſhipping were driven aſhore, and ſhivered to pieces, and many of the people on board periſhed. The Berbice Packet, belonging to the houſe by whom the letter was received, was one of the ſhips driven on ſhore; and altho' ſtrong built, ſhe did not ſurvive the hurricane half an hour.

LONDON, *February* 21.

CAPTURE OF MEDINA.

Laſt night a packet arrived at the India Houſe from Mr. Barker, the company's reſident at Bagdat, containing an account of the capture of Medina by the Wahabees, whoſe army having been reinforced from the deſert, has overwhelmed the adjacent country, and taken the city by aſſault, with infinite blood-ſhed and devaſtation. They ſet fire to Medina in various places, deſtroyed the moſques, after having ranſacked them of their valuable ſhrines and treaſures, and completely demoliſhed the tomb of the Prophet.

Some thouſands of females of the firſt rank were carried off by the beſiegers into the deſert, with a number of the principal male inhabitants. A troop of camels were alſo ſent away with jewels and others treaſures to an immenſe amount.

Our letters from Holland continue to aſſert, that Bonaparte perſeveres in his earneſt entreaties to the king of Pruſſia, to induce his Majeſty to ſhut his ports againſt the commerce of England, and it is feared that the implacable tyrant will ultimately carry his point in this reſpect. Much, however, will depend upon the reſult of the negociations now pending at Berlin, in which the Daniſh miniſter takes conſpicuous part.

A private letter from Bremen of the 11th inſt. contains the following article, relative to the ſentences paſſed on the officers whoſe conduct produced the recent misfortunes to the houſe of Auſtria:

"You have of courſe heard that the arch-duke Charles has cauſed a thorough inveſtigation into the cauſes of the misfortunes of the imperial arms in Germany, and, aſtoniſhing to think, the undermentioned perſons, ſo high in the confidence of his Majeſty, are ſaid to have had the following ſentences paſſed upon them, for the criminal part they have acted in the late tranſactions—

Prince Auerſberg, to be deprived of his nobility, his eſtate confiſcated, and impriſoned ten years in the fortreſs of Spielberg.

Prince Lamberti, impriſoned for life, in the ſaid fortreſs.

General Jell, ſentenced to be ſhot.

Privy Counſellor Callenbach, ordered to quit the Imperial ſtates.

Counſellor Faſzbender, to be diſmiſſed from his office.

Field Marſhal Kannitz, and Field Marſhal Auſenberg, have committed ſuicide while under an arreſt.

All the ſtaff officers of the regiments of Kanditz and Spork, reduced and disgraced.

Count Cobentzal, ordered to quit the country.

General Mack's plans to be ſubmitted to a board of general officers.

Thirty generals diſmiſſed, and many more under examination.

To Correſpondents.

W's tribute to the *Whip-poor-will*, ſhall appear in our next *Wreath*.

"MILO," ſhall follow in due ſeaſon.

"LUCIUS," and other political communications, approved, but unavoidably poſtponed.

Federal Republican Nomination.

At a meeting of Committees from the reſpective towns in the county of Columbia, at the houſe of Samuel Stocking, in the City of Hudſon, on Saturday, the 12th of April, 1806.

Gen. HENRY LIVINGSTON, *Chairman*,
JOSEPH D. JENKINS, *Secretary*.

Reſolved unanimouſly, that the thanks of this meeting be preſented to the gentlemen who have laſt repreſented the county of Columbia, in the Congreſs of the United States, and in the aſſembly of this State, for their patriotic exertions in the cauſe of political freedom and integrity, and for their faithful adherence to the intereſt of their conſtituents.

Reſolved unanimouſly, that

ROBERT LE ROY LIVINGSTON,

be nominated and ſupported as a candidate to repreſent this county in the Congreſs of the United States.

Reſolved unanimouſly, that

ANSON PRATT,
ELISHA GILBERT, Jun.
GAIUS STEBBINS, and
PETER SHARP,

be nominated and ſupported as Members of Aſſembly to repreſent this county in the next legiſlature of this ſtate.

Reſolved, that Wm. W. Van Neſs, H. L. Hoſmer, E. Williams, James Hyatt, John Thurſton and Reuben Folger, be a committee of correſpondence.

Reſolved, that the following perſons be committees in their ſeveral towns, to promote, by all lawful means, the election of the foregoing candidates, viz.

[☞ Want of room compels us to omit the publication of the names in the Balance. The whole will come out in handbills to-morrow.]

Reſolved, that the proceedings be ſigned by the Chairman and Secretary, and publiſhed in the Balance.

HENRY LIVINGSTON, Chairman,
JOSEPH D. JENKINS, Secretary.

Appointments.

At a COMMON COUNCIL holden in and for the City of Hudſon on Saturday, 5th April, 1806.

Reſolved, that the following perſons be appointed to fill the following offices for the enſuing year:—

John C. Ten Broeck meaſurer of grain.

John C. Ten Broeck, John Powell, and Benjamin Ruſſel, Guagers

Benjamin Ruſſel, Benjamin Ray, Francis Jenkins, William Rogers, and Joſeph Bartlett, cullers of ſtaves and hoops.

Stephen Coffin, Abiel Cheney, Obed Sears, John Powell, and Cornelius Tobey, ſurveyors of lumber and corders of wood.

Silas Rand, Shubael Worth and Iſaac Dayton, meaſurers of lime.

Silas Rand and Seth Jones, meaſurers of ſtone wall.

Silas Rand and Thomas Worth, city ſurveyors.

Reuben Macy, John Hardick, Samuel I. Ten Broeck, Seth Toby, and Peter Van Denburgh, fence viewers.

Peter F. Hardick, Solomon Davis, Daniel H. Smith and Jeſſe Matthews, ſcavengers.

James Laraby, ſexton and common crier.

John Malcher, pound-maſter.

E PRATT, *Clerk.*

Monitorial.

To aid the cause of virtue and religion.

.....

Extract from the Miscellaneous Companion, by William Matthews.

MAXIMS AND THOUGHTS.

WE cannot embrace, and diſmiſs as we chuſe, and at our own pleaſure, the privileges and enjoyments of religion.

A due reverence, and veneration of the Supreme Being, which alone brings us into the ſenſible benefits of his preſence, can be inſured to us only by our conſtant *humility*—by our unremitting care to cultivate an inward ſenſe of the infinite *difference* that ever ſubſiſts between Him and us:—

An inward ſenſe of his incomprehenſible majeſty, and ſpotleſs perfection; and of our own comparative meanneſs and inſignificance!

The conſtant remembrance of this littleneſs, weakneſs, and poverty of our own nature, is not to be dreaded, as the means of bringing into dejection and deſpondency; for while the religious mind is dwelling on the imperfections of itſelf, it is ſecretly elevating, by the ideas which it forms of the perfections of God, and by hopes of a future nearer approach to the habitation of his holineſs!

Reverence of the Supreme Being!—the Being to whom belongeth every adorable attribute, and whoſe awful preſence is in every place!—What a conſtant care ſhould be upon our minds to make that reverence appear—eſpecially when we mention his ſacred name!

But how miſerably ſhort do thouſands, and tens of thouſands, of every generation, ſeem to fall, and to have fallen, in this great point!

What can be a more manifeſt token of *irreverence*, if not of *depravity*, than to uſe in ordinary and trifling diſcourſe, that tremendous name, which all the hoſts of heaven—beings of the moſt exalted order and intelligence—venerate and adore!

To urge the influence of cuſtom and habit in excuſe of the breaches of morality, and want of an awful reſpect to the Supreme Being, is to plead for the follies and wickedneſs of men, in oppoſition to the infinite wiſdom and immaculate purity of God!

Miscellany.

STATE OF NEW-YORK.

Comptroller's Office.

Purſuant to the directions of an act, entitled "An act for granting a compenſation to John M. Crous, for diſcovering and publiſhing a cure for the hydrophobia or canine madneſs," paſſed the 28th February, 1806, I do hereby certify, that the ſaid *John M. Crouſe* hath this day depoſited in this office a certain writing, purporting to be the remedy uſed by him with perfect ſucceſs, for more than twenty years paſt for the cure of the hydrophobia or canine madneſs—which writing is in the words and figures following, to wit:

CURE *for the* BITE *of the* MAD DOG.

"The following is an account and preſcription of the remedy and cure for the hydrophobia or canine madneſs—made by John M. Crous, in conformity to an act of the legiſlature of the ſtate of New-York, paſſed at their preſent ſeſſion, viz.

"1ſt. Take one ounce of the jaw bone of a dog, burned and pulverized, or pounded to fine duſt.

"2dly. Take the falſe tongue of a newly foaled colt; let that be alſo dried and pulverized—and

"3dly. Take one ſcruple of the verdigreaſe, which is raiſed on the ſurface of old copper by laying in moiſt earth; the coppers of George I. or II. are the pureſt and beſt. Mix theſe ingredients together, and if the patient be an adult or full grown, take one common tea-ſpoonfull a day, and ſo in proportion for a child according to its age. In one hour after, take the filings of the one half of a copper of the above kind, if to be had; if not, then a ſmall increaſed quantity of any baſer metal of the kind—this to be taken in a ſmall quantity of water.

"The next morning faſting (or before eating) repeat the ſame as before. This, if complied with after the biting of the dog and before ſymtoms of madneſs, will effectually prevent any appearance of the diſorder; but if after the ſymtoms ſhall appear, a phyſician muſt immediately be applied to, to adminiſter the following, viz.

"*Three* drams of the verdigreaſe of the kind before mentioned, mixt with half an ounce of calomel, to be taken at one doſe. This quantity the phyſician need not fear to adminiſter, as the re-action of the venom then diffuſed through the whole ſyſtem of the patient, neutralizes conſiderably the powerful quality of the medicine—and

"Secondly, if in four hours thereafter the patient is not completely relieved, adminiſter four grains of pure opium, or one hundred and twenty drops of liquid laudanum.

"N. B. The patient muſt be careful to avoid the uſe of milk for ſeveral days after taking any of the aforegoing medicine.

JOHN M. CROUS.

"Albany, ss.

John M. Crous, being duly ſworn, depoſeth, that the above account and preſcription for the remedy and cure for the hydrophobia or canine madneſs, is a juſt and true account and preſcription, and the only one uſed and practiſed upon by himſelf for more than twenty years paſt and which has never failed of perfect ſucceſs in any inſtance of the vaſt number of unfortunate human beings who have been bitten by the mad dog, and who have applied to him, the deponent, for relief.

"JOHN M. CROUS.

"*Sworn the 24th day of March, 1806, before me,* James Kent, *Chief Juſtice, &c.*

"Mem.—The word *three* in the laſt line of the firſt page written before an eraſure, and then ſworn to.

James Kent.

Given under my hand at Albany, the 25th day of March, 1806.

ELISHA JENKINS, *Comptroller.*

☞ The ſeveral printers in this ſtate are requeſted to republiſh the foregoing in their reſpective newſpapers.

It is wittily obſerved, in Poulſon's Philadelphia paper, that, as "the the Senate of Penn. have diſagreed to the clauſe in the arbitration act, which abrogated the uſe of *Latin terms* in judicial proceedings, the lawyers will not be debarred, any more than other artificers, from the privilege of calling their tools by their own names."

Terms of the Balance,

FOR 1806.

To City Subscribers, Two Dollars and Fifty Cents, payable quarterly.

To those who receive them by Mail, Two Dollars, payable in Advance

To those who take their papers at the Office, in bundles or otherwise, a deduction from the city price will be made.

A handsome Title Page and Table of Contents will accompany the last number of the Volume.

NOTE.

The first, second, third and fourth Volumes of the Balance may be had on the following terms:—

First Volume. .unbound.. -	$ 2,
Second Volume, - - - - -	$ 2,5
Third Volume, - - - - -	$ 2,50
Fourth Volume, - , - -	$ 2,50
The four together, - - -	$ 8

If bound, the price of binding (either plain or elegant) will be added—An unbound Volume may be sent to any Post-Office in the State for 52 Cents postage; or to any Post-Office in the Union for 78 Cents.

Advertisements inserted in a handsome and conſpicuous manner, in the *Advertiſer* which accompanies the Balance.

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